Yaphank, L. I.,
June 26, 1887.

My Dear May,

Yours of the 23d reached me yesterday, conveying information that I was glad to get.

I shall be pleased to see the list of Libraries and Societies to which the Soc. of Antiq. will send our pamphlet.

You are quite right in omitting from my list the 3 names you mention. When I wrote Mother Abbott's name, I had no thought of coming here before the pamphlet should be issued.

I am glad you propose sending to a few newspapers. My experience does not encour-

a hope that the pamphlet will attract the notice of the periodical press, save here and there one, perhaps, for special reasons. The Worcester papers, possibly, may make some comments upon it on local grounds.

I presume Frank's list embraces the names of some of our good friends abroad, including that of Miss Anne Weston.

By the end of this week I hope to get sight of the new pamphlet, concerning which you and I have written so many letters and you have taken so many steps. I hope you will feel rewarded by a consciousness of service rendered to the cause of truth;

but if I had foreseen what a burden I was about to lay upon you, I am afraid I should not have had the courage to invoke your aid.

— Yaphank is very nearly the geographical centre of Long Island. It is 60 miles from New York and about the same distance from Montauk Point. The island here is about 9 miles wide, and we are about equi-distant from the Ocean on the South and the Sound on the North. You can hardly conceive of a sleepier or duller place than this. It is mainly in one long, straggling street, with the queerest sort of ancient dwellings, set down

without order or plan, but gen-
erally very comfortable; two
stores, a post office, and two
little churches, each about
the size of a band-box — one
Presbyterian, the other Episcop.
The people are simple-hearted
well-intentioned and neigh-
borly. A little way off, near
the railway station, stands a
almshouse of the County of Suffol
full of unfortunate (and yet fo
tunate) inmates. A little stree
running parallel with the
street, is dammed in two place
making very pretty little pon
where people boat and fish.
The air is fine, ~~and~~ bracing
and pure. Mails twice a day
to and from Newyork.

Mrs. J. and Helen send re
membrances. Yours, Oliver Johns